

NO.
19

BLACK HOOD

AN
Archie
MAGAZINE

10¢

comics

IS THE

BLACK HOOD EXPOSED



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



• WHY BE FAT?

REDUCE

the lazy way

NO EXERCISE! NO LAXATIVES!

LOSE 8 to 10 LBS. A MONTH!

*Slim down to your own
lovely figure!*

Just follow simple scientific directions of Dr. Phillips Reducing Plan. Six to eight weeks from now, look in mirror and see the amazing difference.

Given with order:

With our order you are given a full 30 days supply of KELPIDINE for use as part of your breakfast each day. NOTE: There is Medical Authority that KELPIDINE (fucus) has been used as an anti-fat and as an aid to reducing.

No risk trial offer:

You can try Dr. Phillips Reducing Plan without it costing you a cent. Just order with coupon and if you are not satisfied, or if it is not helpful in your case, return it to us and your money will be refunded in full. Nothing could be fairer. Act now!

Users say:

"I went from a size 20 dress to a size 15". Mrs. N. C., Perth Amboy, N. J. "I lost 18 pounds; feel young and work better". Mrs. K. Y., Bronx, N. Y. "Send the \$2.00 size, I lost 15 pounds already". Mrs. M. D., Boonton, N. J.

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"This method of reducing includes sufficient quantity of the various essential foods necessary for the maintenance of health...it should result in weight reduction..."

A Well Known Radio Nutritionist says:

"KELPIDINE is a reducing aid".

\$1.00

FULL 30-DAY SUPPLY

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MAIL
COUPON

Enclosed find \$1.00 for one month's supply of KELPIDINE and Dr. Phillips Reducing Plan, to be sent to me postage prepaid. My money will be refunded if I am not satisfied.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

I ENCLOSE \$2.00 SEND THE PLAN AND THREE MONTHS SUPPLY.

KELPIDINE

Money-Back Guarantee

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THE Black HOOD

VERSUS NEEDLENOODLE

OKAY,
NEEDLENOODLE!
HERE GOES THE
BLACK HOOD'S
MASK!



IN THE OFFICE OF THE POLICE
COMMISSIONER...

AND I'M TELLING
YOU, SERGEANT, IT'S
THE BLACK
HOOD I WANT...
NOT EXUSES!

E..BUT...
COMMISH...

NO BUTS, SERGEANT,
MC. GINTY! EITHER YOU
BRING' HIM IN, OR IT'LL
MEAN YOUR STRIPES!

WHOW!

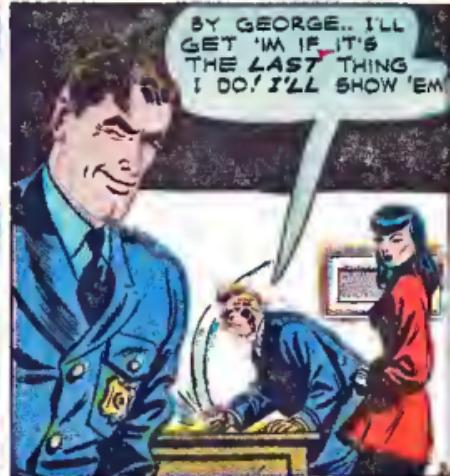
BACK AT THE POLICE STATION!

AND HE SAID, IF I
DON'T CATCH THE
BLACK HOOD,
HE'LL HAVE ME
POUNDIN'
PAVEMENTS!

WHY, MC. GINTY, IF YOU REALLY
WANTED TO, YOU COULD REACH
RIGHT OUT AND TOUCH
THE BLACK HOOD THIS
VERY MOMENT!

ARE YOU
TRYIN' TO
BE FUNNY?

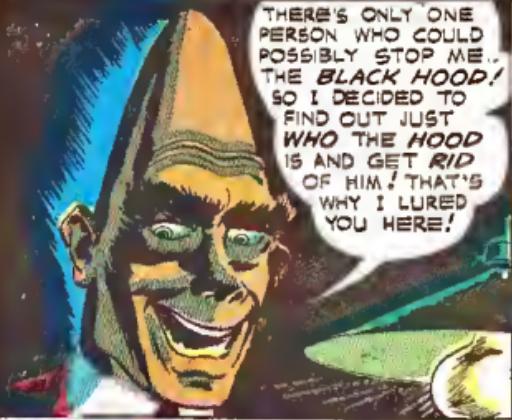
BY GEORGE.. I'LL
GET 'IM IF IT'S
THE LAST THING
I DO! I'LL SHOW 'EM











THERE'S ONLY ONE PERSON WHO COULD POSSIBLY STOP ME... THE **BLACK HOOD!** SO I DECIDED TO FIND OUT JUST WHO THE HOOD IS AND GET RID OF HIM! THAT'S WHY I LURED YOU HERE!



WHEREVER THE HOOD APPEARS, YOU BURLAND ALWAYS HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO POP UP! SO, EITHER YOU'RE THE HOOD OR YOU KNOW WHO HE IS!



YOU HAVE YOUR CHOICE, BURLAND! EITHER YOU TALK, OR YOUR FRIEND DIES--AND YOU WITH HIM!



YOU DIRTY MURDERING RAT! YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS!



WHAT A SPOT! NEEDLENOODLE MEANS BUSINESS! ONCE THE **BLACK HOOD**'S EXPOSED, HE'S THROUGH! AND YET I CAN'T LET HIM KILL MAC! I CAN'T!



THE **BLACK HOOD!** THEN I WAS RIGHT!

YES, NEEDLENOODLE! YOU WIN!!

AND THEN AGAIN...
MAYBE YOU *LOSE*!

UGH!

WHAM!



AND NOW, MR. NEEDLENOODLE, REALLY ??
I'M GOING TO SETTLE HOW?
MY SCORE WITH YOU! MELODRAMATIC
HOOD! JUST
LIKE IN THE COMIC BOOKS!





WHEN I HAPPENED ALONG AND KIND OF PUT THOSE IDEAS OUT OF THEIR HEAD!

GEE, THANKS, HOOD! WHY THE DIRTY BUMS!

WELL I GUESS YOU CAN TAKE OVER NOW, SO I'LL JUST RUN ALONG

SURE, I KIN HANDLE 'EM MESELF NOW! YOU RUN ALONG, HOOD!



LATER THAT NIGHT AT THE
BLACK HOOD'S APARTMENT...

WELL, BY TOMORROW, THE NEWS WILL
BE ALL OVER TOWN, THAT KIP BURLAND
IS THE BLACK HOOD! NEEDLE
NOODLE WILL
SEE TO THAT!

ANYWAY THAT SOLVES
ONE PROBLEM. NOW I CAN
SAVE MC. GINTY'S JOB!
AS LONG AS I'M GOING
TO BE EXPOSED MAC'S
GOING TO BE THE
ONE TO DO IT!

FIRST TO WAKE
THE BARGE OUT
OF HIS SWEET
DREAMS!



AT THIS MOMENT, LET US LOOK IN ON
MC. GINTY'S SWEET DREAMS...





(PUFF, PUFF) THE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE AT LAST, AND SOMEONE'S IN IT, ALLRIGHT!

MC GINTY'S FOOT CATCHES IN THE RUG.

OW-W!
ME EYE!



OOGH.. I'M BLIND! I CAN'T SEE A THING!



GOOD WORK, SARGE! YOU FOUGHT HIM TO A STANDSTILL!

HUPL.. I DID?
ER.. AH.. THAT IS.. ULP..
I DID!



AND NOW, MR. BLACK HOOD, WE'LL FIND OUT WHO YOU ARE!



WELL, I'LL BE!
KIP BURLAND!



GLOOMY GUS

AND HIS ANGELIC SIDEKICK
GABBY

by
RED HOLMDALE



THIS IS WHERE PETE TOLD
ME TO COME, BUT I DON'T
SEE ANY STUFFS AROUND!

CHURCH ST.
NORTH

HOW
ABOUT THAT
CROWD?

SOMETHING MUST BE
DOING! IT'S WORTH
A LOOKSEE,
ANYWAY!

YES, FRIEND, IT'S ONLY
A DIME-YOU CAN'T
GO WRONG!

YOU AND
YOUR
IDEAS!

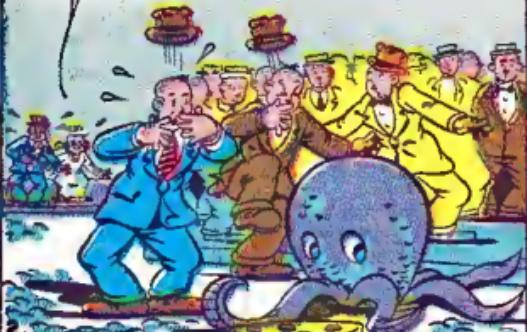
GULP.
WRONG
PITCH,
HUUH?

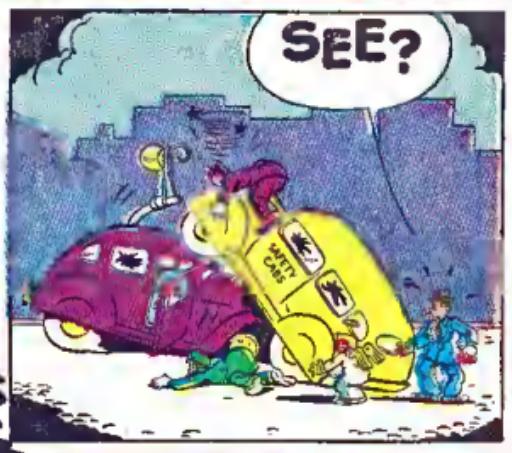
MAYBE WE'LL HAVE
BETTER LUCK
OVER THAT
WAY,
GUS!

IXNAY-WON'T
YOU EVER
LEARN?

ANY SIMPLE THING
WILL ATTRACT A CROWD
IN THE CITY!

WE'VE STILL GOT A MINUTE
AND A HALF, SO I'M NOT
LEAVING THIS
SPOT!





IF WE DON'T ENTER INTO
THE SPIRIT OF THE THING
WE'LL NEVER GET
ANYWHERE!

OKAY, YOU'RE
CONVINCING!

THIS ONE DOESN'T
FIT ME TOO BADLY
WHAT?

FIRST-WE
FIND DIFF-
ERENT JOBS



BEFORE YOU FELLOWS BEGIN, I WANT TO BE SURE YOU KNOW ALL THE ANGLES!

NOBODY HAS TO SHOW US- JUST NAME IT!

PST, GABBY! TAKE IT EASY, WILL YOU?

LET'S SEE! CAN YOU WHIP UP A DOUBLE-MALTED?

NOT ONLY A DOUBLE-I'LL WHIP UP A TRIPLE!





THE GREEN BEARD

A BLACK HOOD STORY

THE killer came upon Professor Robert Woodley at the proper time—when every student had gone for the day. He entered the school through an open cellar window and moved silently through the darkened halls until he reached Woodley's room. Then he opened the door and shot Woodley three times in the back.

The killer was a very ordinary looking man—almost. He had on a plain grey business suit, a plain grey topecoat, and his shirt and tie were in very good taste. Yes, the killer was a very ordinary looking man, except for one thing.

He wore a long green beard. . . .

Gerald Lane, red-headed young professor of Mathematics at Woodley's college, told The Hood about it. He met The Hood by appointment, and in a taxicab which slowly wended its way through the city streets, he told The Hood the entire story.

"There's no doubt," said Lane, "that the murder was committed by either Jenkins, Keller, or myself. That's why I've asked you to investigate the murder. Each of us insists that he didn't do it—but one of us is lying. We want you to find the murderer and clear the other two.

"Wait a minute," said The Hood. "Let me get this straight. You say a police officer saw the murderer enter the cellar window?"

"Yes," said Lane, impatiently. "The murderer first caught the policeman's eye because he was wearing a green beard—fancy that, a green beard! The officer started toward the murderer, thinking he was a maniac or something like that . . . but before he got halfway down the block toward him, the murderer had popped into the school building through the cellar window."

"I see," said The Hood. "Then the policeman jumped into the building after the

green-bearded man, but lost him in the maze of rooms and stairways. Then, while he was looking around, he heard the shots coming from Woodley's room. Correct?"

"That's it," said Lane. "The officer followed the sound of the shots, and he arrived in Woodley's room just in time to see the killer, but lost him again in the maze of rooms. The school is fairly small, but an inexperienced man could get lost in it easily enough . . . so many stairways and rooms, you know." He paused for breath. "At any rate, the officer realized that he didn't stand much chance of locating the killer by himself, so he rushed downstairs, ascertained—luckily for him, I might add, there were people near the cellar window and the only entrance, at the front—ascertained that the killer hadn't escaped, and summoned more police. Then they searched the building, and found that only Keller, Jenkins and I were in the building. There was absolutely no one else there. Even the janitor had gone out some hours previous."

"I see," said The Hood, again. He seemed lost in thought.

"That's the set up," finished Lane. "All three of us had motives for killing Woodley. We were in the building at the time of the murder to collect our papers and belongings preparatory to leaving for good. Woodley had fired all of us because our political beliefs differed from his. . . ."

The Hood sighed. "Tell me," he said, "didn't you or Jenkins or Keller hear the sounds of the shots?"

"No," said Lane, decisively. "Our offices are located on the floor below. It would be physically impossible to hear the shots from where we were situated." He smiled, suddenly. "You'll note that I say our offices are located on the floor below. Since Woodley is dead, I'm quite sure that the new

school Dean will permit us to retain our positions."

"Very interesting," said The Hood. "Another question now, please. What were your next moves—you three? I mean, where would you have gone had Woodley lived and you'd been forced to leave the school?"

"Well," said Lane, "Jenkins and Keller were entering the Navy as technical officers. Jenkins is an Engineering expert; and Keller is a very competent Chemistry man." He chuckled. "You know, this murder is an especial break for me. I don't know where I would have gone from here. I tried to enter the service along with Jenkins and Keller—and my Math experience would have gained me a commission, but the doctors rejected me on one minor physical point."

The Hood's eyes had lit up. Very casually, he said, "Tell me one more thing, Lane. Do you drive a car?"

Lane looked at him narrowly. "No," he said. "My license was refused."

"Well!" said The Hood. "Was your license, too, refused on a minor physical point?"

Before Lane could answer the taxi ground to a halt. "Here we are," said Lane. "I live on the fifth floor. Jenkins and Keller are waiting for us."

The two men took the self-operating elevator up, and entered a wide living room. Jenkins and Keller rose to greet them.

"Sorry I took so long in arriving," said Lane, "but I had to explain the entire case to The Hood."

"And a very thorough job you did of it too, Mr. Lane," The Hood conceded. "Before I begin I want to ask one question." The Hood pulled a handkerchief out of his pocket. "Gentlemen, I want to ask you the collar of this handkerchief."

The Hood smiled grimly at the bewildered faces of the three men. "You first, Mr. Lane. What is the color of this handkerchief?"

"Uh . . . Why, it's uh . . . red," Lane stammered.

There was a split second of silence. And then Jenkins and Keller burst out, together,

"Lane, The Hood's handkerchief is—
They stopped together.

"Exactly," said The Hood. "My handkerchief is green. You understand now what I understood minutes ago. Lane killed Woodley!"

Lane said, "No!" once, his voice choked.

"Yes," said The Hood. "The green beard started me on the solution. The beard was obviously false . . . admitted. Now the reason a man would wear a false beard when about to commit a murder is obvious: for disguise purposes, of course. But why a green beard?"

He looked around him. "There are only two possible answers. One, the killer was insane . . . but the methodical manner in which the murder was committed discounts the possibility of insanity. Then how about the other possibility? The killer wore a green beard . . . because he was colorblind!"

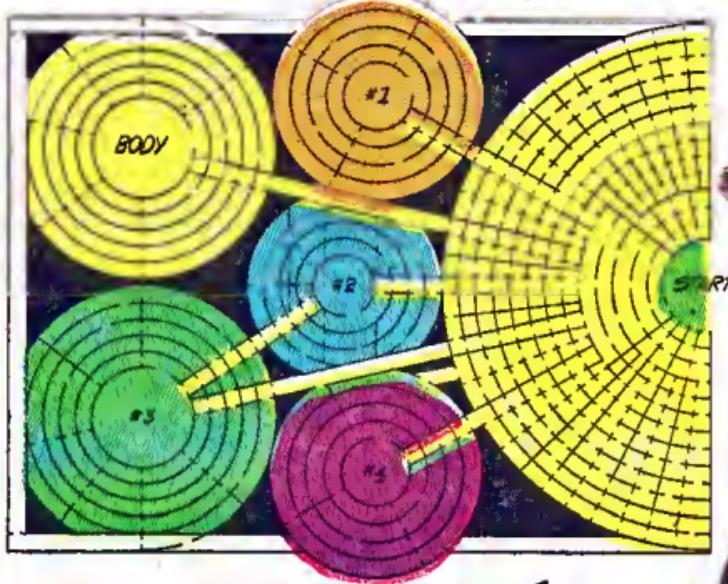
Lane cringed against the wall.

"Lane had a brilliant idea: he'd kill Woodley—but he'd do it from the outside, so that no suspicion would be thrown on him. He went into a masquerader's and selected a beard from the typical beard display you'll find in those shops. Lane has the most common form of colorblindness—where red seems green, and green seems red. So, Lane selected the green beard, and the masquerader, who is used to selling these for comic parties, sold it to him without comment. Then Lane, thinking he had bought a red beard to match his hair, proceeded to commit the murder. When he saw the policeman chasing him, he went to his office, and pretended to have been there all the time."

The Hood stopped speaking, and for a moment there was silence. Then Lane laughed, a short, bitter laugh. And as he laughed, he leaped . . . away from The Hood, right toward a nearby window. There was a splintering sound as he crashed through.

He was dead a minute after he hit the ground. His body was crushed, and blood was splattered all over the sidewalk—blood which, oddly enough, would have looked green to him, had he been alive to see it.

Black HOOD PUZZLE PAGE



ASCT

HERE ARE FOUR, AND FOUR ONLY, WORDS HIDDEN IN THE ABOVE SCRABBLE. PUT ON YOUR DETECTIVE SUIT AND SEE IF YOU CAN TRACK DOWN THE FOUR WORDS!!

1 - - - - -
2 - - - - -
3 - - - - -
4 - - - - -

THE KIDNAPPING OF VERA GUINEVERE DE LA VERE

VERA HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED AND KIP BURLAND THINKS SHE MAY HAVE BEEN KILLED.

WHILE KIP IS RAPIDLY CHANGING INTO HIS BLACK HOOD COSTUME, TAKE YOUR PENCIL AND WHEN THE BLACK HOOD IS READY, MEET HIM WHERE IT SAYS "START"! THEN, TOGETHER, START LOOKING THRU THE MAZE FOR VERA!

IF YOU END UP AT NO. 1 CIRCLE -
START OVER!

IF AT NO. 2 -
YOU HAVE A STUPID PENCIL!

IF AT NO. 3 -
LET YOUR LIL' BROTHER DO TH' PUZZLE!

IF AT NO. 4 -
THE BLACK HOOD FIRBS YOU!

BUT-IF YOU FIND THE "BODY" CIRCLE, YOU WIN!
AND THIS ENTITLES YOU TO EXTRA SOAP IN YOUR
EYE WHEN YOU TAKE YOUR NEXT BATH!!!

THE *Black HOOD*

IN
NEEDLENOODLE
STRIKES BACK



WELL, KIP. HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE IN BUSINESS FOR YOURSELF?

IT'D FEEL A LOT BETTER IF I HAD SOME BUSINESS, BABS.

BLACK HAWK DETECTIVE AGENCY

YES, SO FAR IT'S NOTHING BUT BILLS! SAY... HERE'S SOMETHING INTERESTING!

WHAT IS IT?

A PUNCH BOARD! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS GET RID OF ALL THE CHANCES AT TEN CENTS A PUNCH, AND I GET A CANDIO CAMERA **FREE**! HOW'S THAT FOR A BIG DEAL?

WELL, IT'S A START! AS A PRIVATE DETECTIVE IT'LL BE GOOD PRACTICE TO HUNT DOWN SOME CUSTOMERS.

HERE, I'LL PASS THIS GENEROUS OFFER TO YOU!

NO THANKS, YOU BETTER KEEP IT! IF YOU DON'T HURRY UP AND GET SOME CLIENTS SOON, YOU MAY NEED IT!

NICE, CHEERFUL GIRL!

KIP, WHY DON'T YOU HIRE ME AS YOUR SECRETARY?

ARE YOU CRAZY? WHAT WOULD I PAY YOU WITH... BOTTLETOPS? AND BEIDES YOU ALREADY HAVE A JOB AS A REPORTER!

YOU MEAN I HAD ONE! I QUIT YESTERDAY!





LEGITIMATE, MY EYE !
THESE BONDS ARE PROBABLY
AS PHONY AS YOU ARE !

THAT'S WHAT I
LIKE ABOUT YOU,
HOOD.. ALWAYS
READY TO
INDULGE IN A
FEW PLEASANT-
RIES! HERE,
LOOK THEM OVER YOURSELF!

HMMMM.. THESE
BONDS ARE GENUINE
ALRIGHT!

NEEDLENOOPLE'S UP TO
SOMETHING! I WONDER
WHAT IT IS! THE ONLY
WAY TO FIND OUT IS TO
PLAY BALL WITH HIM!



SO LONG, BABS!
TAKE OFF YOUR
HAT, AND MAKE
YOURSELF
COMFORTABLE.



HMPH! THAT'S A SNAZZY YES INDEED, HOOD
CAR YOU'VE GOT, NEEDLE. BUSINESS IS
NOODLE! BUSINESS MUST EXCELLENT,
BE GOOD!
HA, HA, HA!



OKAY, "BOSS" WHERE
DO WE GO FROM
HERE?

TO SEE
A VERY
IMPORTANT
CLIENT!



THE WATERFRONT
IS PRETTY ROUGH
NEIGHBORHOOD FOR
BOND BUYERS!

THAT IS PRECISELY
WHY I HIRED YOU
FOR, PROTECTION!



LOOK, NEEDLENOODLE, LET'S
STOP PLAYING AROUND. I KNOW
YOU'RE UP TO NO GOOD, AND
YOU KNOW IT.

TSK, TSK.. SUCH A
SUSPICIOUS NATURE.
HOOD, VERY WELL.
YOU SHALL KNOW
RIGHT NOW WHAT
I'M UP TO!





AND NOW TO CRASH
THIS CAR AT A PLACE
WHERE IT WILL BE
SURE TO BE FOUND
SOON



A SHORT WHILE LATER

AH THE POLICE
NOW TO GET RID
OF THAT GIRL
SHE KNOWS TOO
MUCH



HOLY MACKERAL!

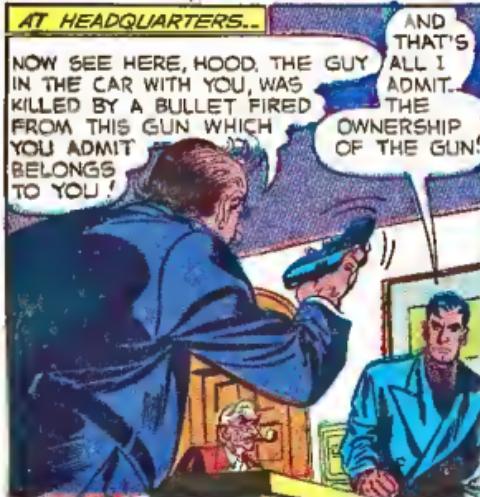
IT'S THE BLACK HOOD AND
SOME DEAD GUY! BETTER
GET THE WAGON, AND
TAKE THEM DOWN TO
HEADQUARTERS!



AT HEADQUARTERS...

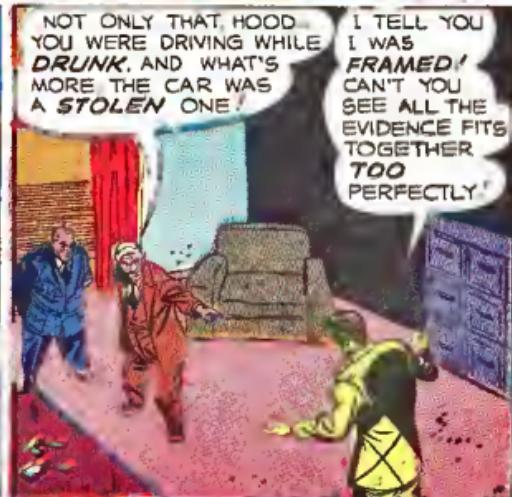
NOW SEE HERE, HOOD, THE GUY
IN THE CAR WITH YOU, WAS
KILLED BY A BULLET FIRED
FROM THIS GUN WHICH
YOU ADMIT
BELONGS
TO YOU!

AND
THAT'S
ALL I
ADMIT.
THE
OWNERSHIP
OF THE GUN!



NOT ONLY THAT, HOOD
YOU WERE DRIVING WHILE
DRUNK, AND WHAT'S
MORE THE CAR WAS
A STOLEN ONE!

I TELL YOU
I WAS
FRAMED!
CAN'T YOU
SEE ALL THE
EVIDENCE FITS
TOO
PERFECTLY!



IT'S AN OPEN AND SHUT CASE! WITH ALL THIS EVIDENCE STACKED AGAINST YOU! WE COULD THROW THE BOOK AT YOU!



THE ONLY EVIDENCE IN YOUR FAVOR WOULD BE BARBARA SUTTON'S STORY

BABS' HOLY JOE NEEDLENOODLE'S SURE TO TRY AND GET AT HER. I'VE GOT TO GET THERE FIRST!



WE'LL HAVE TO HOLD YOU UNTIL... UGH...

SORRY, GENTLEMEN! I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE NOW!



HE'S MAKING FOR THE WINDOW! STOP HIM, MC. GINTY!



THEY'LL NEVER BELIEVE ME.. THIS IS MY ONLY CHANCE OF CLEARING MYSELF AND BRINGING THAT KILLER TO JUSTICE!



BLAST YOU HOOD! COME BACK HERE!



MEANWHILE...

THE LAST PICK AND
I'VE HAD SIX WINNERS
SO FAR!



I'LL TURN ON THE RADIO AND
LISTEN TO THE NEWS REPORTS



JUST THEN...

NEEDLENOODLE,
WHERE'S THE
HOOD?

I'M AFRAID HE HAD
A LITTLE RUN-IN
WITH THE POLICE



I'VE CONVENIENTLY ARRANGED IT SO THAT
THE HOOD HAS BEEN PICKED UP ON A
MURDER CHARGE! NATURALLY, I'LL HAVE
TO ELIMINATE YOU TOO!



YOU SEE, WITH THE HOOD OUT OF MY
WAY, I FEEL A LOT SAFER CONDUCTING
MY...ER...BUSINESS! I DON'T
ANTICIPATE TOO MUCH TROUBLE
WITH THE STUPID NORTHVILLE
POLICE!



CALLING ALL CARS! CALLING ALL
CARS! BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR
THE HOOD WHO HAS JUST
ESCAPED! HE'S WANTED FOR
MURDER!

WHOA--THE
HOOD
ESCAPED!



THIS CHANGES MY PLANS
SOMWHAT NOW I SHALL BE
FORCED TO TAKE YOU
WITH ME!

THE HOOD'LL
HUNT YOU DOWN
WHEREVER
YOU HIDE,
NEEDLE -
NOODLE !

I HARDLY THINK SO. HE
DOESN'T KNOW WHERE
MY HIDE OUT IS, EVEN
THOUGH IT'S PRACTICALLY
UNDER HIS NOSE!

HMM...
IF I ONLY
COULD...



SAY! WHAT'S THAT! I THOUGHT I
TOSSSED THIS PUNCH BOARD
INTO THE WASTE BASKET..

HMM-- SOMEONE HAS PUNCHED
OUT ALL THE RED DISCS TOO..BUT
THEY'RE NOT AROUND ANYWHERE..
I WONDER WHAT COULD HAVE
HAPPENED TO THEM!

HELLO, HERE'S
ONE, RIGHT
NEAR THE
DOOR!

OF COURSE.. I GET IT! BABS
MUST HAVE DROPPED THESE
DISCS AS A *TRAIL* FOR
ME TO FOLLOW! LET'S SEE
IF THERE ARE ANY MORE
OUT IN THE HALL!

I WAS RIGHT! HERE'S ANOTHER
ONE BY THESE FIRE STEPS! THAT
MEANS *NEEDLENOODLE* TOOK
HER OUT THE BACK WAY, RATHER
THAN RISK USING THE
ELEVATOR!

THE BLACK HOOD EASILY PICKS UP THE TRAIL,
WHICH LEADS HIM THROUGH THE BLACK ALLEYS
TO A BUILDING IN THE NEXT BLOCK..

BLACK HOOD'S
BUILDING--
TRAIL BEGINS
HERE..

TRAIL ENDS HERE

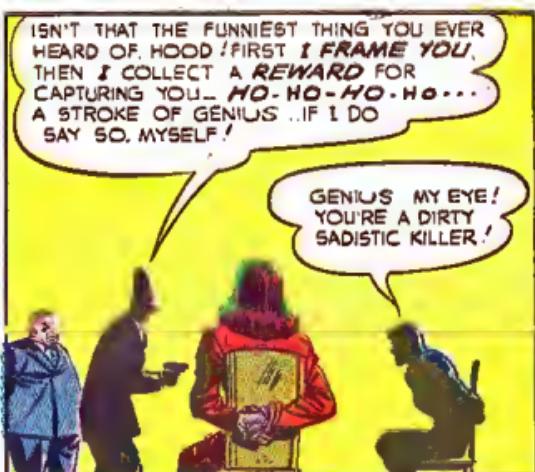


THE WAY THINGS STAND NOW, IT COULDN'T BE MORE PERFECT, IF I PLANNED IT MYSELF 'YOU'RE A WANTED MAN, HOOD! IN FACT THERE'S EVEN A **REWARD** ON YOUR HEAD! SO NATURALLY, BEING A LAW ABIDING CITIZEN, I SHALL BE FORCED TO TURN YOU IN...

HA, HA, HA...

ISN'T THAT THE FUNNIEST THING YOU EVER HEARD OF, HOOD! FIRST I **FRAME YOU**, THEN I COLLECT A **REWARD** FOR CAPTURING YOU... HO-HO-HO-HO... A STROKE OF GENIUS... IF I DO SAY SO, MYSELF!

GENIUS MY EYE!
YOU'RE A DIRTY SADISTIC KILLER!



COME ON, LET'S GO! THE REWARD IS YOURS, WHEN WE GET THE HOOD!

IT'S AS GOOD AS MINE RIGHT NOW!

HE'S COMIN' TO!

OO-OH! MY HEAD!

WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THE GIRL?

GIRL? WHAT GIRL? THERE WAS NO GIRL!



I GET IT... THE COPS'LL NEVER BELIEVE BABS WAS BEING HELD HERE.. NOT WITH WHAT THEY'VE GOT AGAINST ME.. IF I COULD ONLY GET THAT KNIFE...

SAT, ZIGGY.. THE BLOOD FROM THIS CUT IS RUNNING INTO MY EYE.. BE A GOOD GUY AND WIPE IT AWAY!



I GOT A BETTER IDEA! I'LL CARVE YOU UP SOME MORE, SO IT'LL LOOK LIKE YOU PUT UP A REAL FIGHT!

I GUESS YOU LIKE YOUR JOB, EH?



I GOT NO KICK COMIN' AGHNNH!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, ZIGGY!







AS SOON AS I RELEASE
YOU, YOU'LL FIND OUT
WHAT'S WHAT
HERE!

SO THAT'S NEEDLENOODLE'S
GAME..USING THESE PRESSES
TO PRINT COUNTERFEIT BONDS!
WELL..WHEN THE POLICE
GET HERE WE'LL FIX HIS
WAGON..BUT GOOD!

HERE WE ARE
GENTLEMEN. YOU
MAY AS WELL
TURN THE MONEY
OVER TO ME
RIGHT NOW!



I GIVE YOU
THE BLACK...
HOW--
WHA--

HELLO, NEEDLE-
NOODLE! YOU KEPT
ME WAITING A LONG
TIME!

COMMISSIONER, THIS IS THE
GUY WHO COMMITTED THAT
MURDER, NOT THE HOOD!
NEEDLENOODLE WANTED
HIM OUT OF THE WAY, SO
HE COULD OPERATE HIS
COUNTERFEIT BOND
RACKET WITHOUT HAVING
THE HOOD ON HIS NECK,
AND WE'VE GOT ALL THE
EVIDENCE TO PROVE IT!

THAT'S RIGHT, GENTS!
STEP THIS WAY, AND I'LL
SHOW YOU!



THE
BLACK
HOOD!

BEGORRA..THOUSANDS
OF COUNTERFEIT
BONDS!

HERE ARE SOME
GOOD ONES THAT
MIGHT INTEREST
YOU!



WELL I'LL BE..
THESE ARE SOME
OF THE BONDS
STOLEN FROM
THE NATIONAL
BANK LAST
WEEK!

RIGHT! NEEDLENOODLE
DISPOSED OF HIS
PHONEY BONDS ALONG
WITH A FEW OF THE
GOOD STOLEN ONES!

OKAY, HOOD! YOU WIN! BUT YOU'RE
NOT GETTING ME! ONE MOVE OUT
OF ANY OF YOU AND THIS GIRL
GETS IT!



GET INTO THAT
TRUCK AND MAKE
IT SNAPPY!



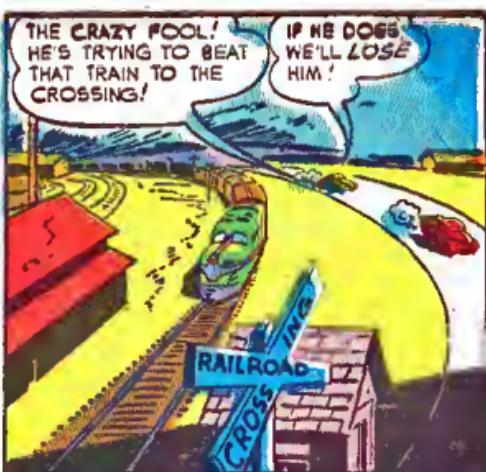
HE'S GETTING
AWAY IN THAT
PICK-UP TRUCK!

COME ON,
WE'LL FOLLOW
HIM IN THE
PROWL CAR.



THERE HE GOES..
KEEP ON HIS TRAIL,
MAC!





WHEW! I THOUGHT THAT FREIGHT
WOULD NEVER STEP ON IT
MAC. THAT WAS A SLOW TRUCK HE
WAS DRIVING! WE CAN STILL
OVERHAUL HIM!



LOOK! HE'S HOPPED INTO
ANOTHER TRAIN AND
HE'S GOT BABES WITH
HIM!



COME DOWN OUT OF THERE,
NEEDLENOODLE! YOUR
GAME'S UP!



NOT QUITE, HOOD! I'VE
GOT ONE MORE TRUMP
CARD! HERE SHE
IS!



HOW'S
SHE,
HOOD?

I DON'T KNOW,
COMMISSIONER!
THAT TRAIN WAS
MOVING PRETTY
FAST WHEN HE
PUSHED HER!

YOU DIRTY KILLER,
WE'LL GET YOU
FOR THIS!



YOU GET HER TO A HOSPITAL'
I'M GOING AFTER THAT RAT!



IF I TAKE THIS SHORT CUT, I MAY BE ABLE TO HEAD THE TRAIN OFF AT THE OVERPASS!

THIS BABY IS REALLY STEPPIN'! THERE'S THE OVERPASS UP AHEAD!

HERE SHE COMES! I DIDN'T GET HERE A MINUTE TOO SOON!

MADE IT! NOW TO LOCATE NEEDLENOODLE'S CAR!

@@!!#@!@!! THAT BLACK HOOD AGAIN!



IM GETTING OFF THIS TRAIN WHILE HE'S...

WATCH OUT
FOR THAT
WHEEL BRAKE,
NEEDLENOODLE

HUH?...UH!
NO...O...NO...
HELP ME!

LATER... GOSH!
I STOPPED
THE TRAIN AS
SOON AS I
COULD.

IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT
ALTHOUGH YOU DID SAVE
THE STATE SOME ELECTRIC
CURRENT.

WELL THAT'S THE
END OF NEEDLENOODLE
COMMISSIONER. BETTER
SEND FOR THE MEAT
WAGON TO PICK UP
THE BODY!

WELL, CONGRATULATIONS, MR.
SHERLOCK HOLMES! YOU
CLEANED UP YOUR FIRST
CASE! TOO BAD, THERE
WASN'T A FEE IN
IT FOR YOU!

THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG!
THE BONDING COMPANY SENT
ME A ME A NICE FAT
CHECK! NOW YOU
NAME YOUR REWARD!

WELL, LET ME
SEE...

NYLONS!
NEEDLENOODLE MADE
ME GET A RUN IN
MY LAST PAIR!

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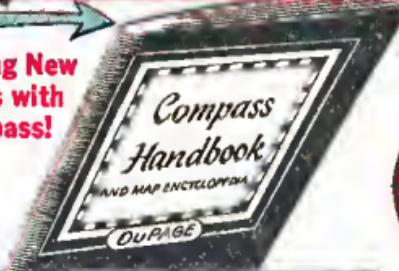
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